

The Lads of *Peaty's Mill*.

THE Lads of PEATY'S MILL,
 So bonny, blithe, and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 Hath stole my heart away :
 When tedding of the hay,
 Bare-headed on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her e'en.

Her arms white, round, and smooth ;
 Breasts rising in their dawn ;
 To age it would give youth,
 To press 'em with his hand.
 Thro' all my spirits ran
 An ecstasy of bliss,
 When I such sweetness fand,
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
 Like flowers which grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd ;
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd ;
 I wish'd her for my bride.

Oh ! had I all the wealth
 Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd long life and wealth,
 And pleasures at my will ;
 I'd promise and fulfill
 That none but bonny she,
 The Lads of PEATY'S MILL,
 Shou'd share the same wi' me.

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